

WOMEN WHO WRITE.

THE PACIFIC COAST WOMEN'S PRESS ASSOCIATION.

The Officers Are Well Known to Readers. Sketches of Nellie Blessing Eyster, Emily Browne Powell, Florence Percy Matheson and Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

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The Pacific Coast Women's Press Association is an organization of about 150 women engaged in literary or journalistic work which owes its existence to the talented Emelie T. Y. Parkhurst of San Francisco.

For two years the office of president was held by Mrs. Nellie Blessing Eyster, whose busy life and sunny disposition have made her known and beloved throughout California. She is a grandchild of Barbara Freitchie and was born in Frederick City, Md., of distinguished French-Huguenot ancestry on one side and Anglo-Saxon on the other. At 16 she married her tutor, Professor D. A. Eyster, a son of the surveyor general of Pennsylvania. All that she afterward became in a literary way she attributed to the guidance of her accomplished husband. Her first public act was to aid in the purchase of Mount Vernon.

She next worked for the sanitary commission during the war.

Her first book manuscript was read by Oliver Wendell Holmes and complimented for its power of expression. She published the "Sunny Hour Library" of four volumes, which is found in the Sunday schools throughout the United States, and her work thenceforward appeared in many of the eastern papers and magazines.

The family removed to California in 1874, and Mrs. Eyster soon became a leader in the benevolent work of San



NELLIE BLESSING EYSTER.

Francisco and was interested in teaching the Chinese. In 1886 she was made state superintendent of the juvenile department of the W. C. T. U., and in 1893 she lectured on "The Man Wonderful in the House Beautiful" in many of the large cities of the east. Her recent book, "A Colonial Boy," has won much favor. A critical reviewer of Californian literature places Mrs. Eyster in a list of eight persons who excel in story writing. She is president of the Northern California Indian association. Her friend, Helen Hunt Jackson, brought Mrs. Eyster to carry forward the Indian work that she was forced to relinquish.

Last year she traveled continually in northern California under the auspices of the W. C. T. U., lecturing in the schools and before teachers' institutes on scientific temperance. She has addressed 150,000 children in the last eight months.

Mrs. Eyster has been a widow six years and has buried her only son, yet every trace of sorrow is banished from her countenance as she tells unreservedly for the humanity that she loves, whatever its nationality or color.

Mrs. Emily Browne Powell, a resident of Alameda, succeeded Mrs. Eyster as president of the P. C. W. P. A. in September, 1892. She is of Puritan stock, a native of Maine and began to write for the press at an early age. At 24 she sent a poem to a Boston literary journal which brought her an invitation to become a regular contributor. She once received complimentary notice from Horace Greeley for a letter written to the New York Tribune. Her work consists of poems, stories, essays and letters on the events of the day and appears in first class magazines and newspapers.

Nothing more delicate has appeared in verse than her tribute to the deceased founder of the association—Mrs. Parkhurst—which was published in The Call.



EMILY BROWNE POWELL.

German of June, 1892. Mrs. Powell went to California years ago, married a gentleman who has large lumber interests on the coast and has two daughters. She is slight and pale, with dark brown hair and eyes. Though quiet and gentle in demeanor, she is possessed of strong will power and executive ability that fit her admirably for the position she occupies.

Florence Percy Matheson, treasurer of the association, is the eldest daughter of Elizabeth Akers Allen, the author of "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother" and other famous poems. She was born in Farmington, Me., and began literary work at an early age. She has contributed stories,

sketches and verses to The Aldine, Leslie's and other publications, besides furnishing under contract short illustrated stories regularly to an eastern publisher for 15 years. She considers short stories her specialty, but has been successful in almost all departments of newspaper work, having served as market reporter, dramatic critic, book reviewer, news and telegraph editor, special correspondent, etc. She has just finished an operatic comedy, composing both words and music.



FLORENCE PERCY MATHESON.

she, and has had several comediettes produced upon the professional stage. She is now on the editorial staff of The Housewife and has a novel nearly finished.

Mrs. Matheson is versatile and vivacious, and her dark eyes beam with merriment as she gives the most prosaic details of her business life a touch of humor.

The name of Charlotte Perkins Stetson, second vice president of the association, has frequently been seen in the last two years in the Nationalist journals, Kate Field's Washington, The Cosmopolitan and various reform papers.

Mrs. Stetson is a woman of uncommon intelligence and the highest aims, of an individuality so strong that she makes some enemies, while she wins many friends. The Rev. Lyman Beecher was her great-grandfather; thus she is a grandniece of Henry Ward Beecher and Harriet Beecher Stowe. Her father was Frederic Beecher Perkins, and she was born in Hartford, Rev. Edward Everett Hale is her uncle by marriage.

She had but little school education, but was fortunate in the training she received from her mother, who was a phenomenal teacher. As a child she read everything obtainable, but after 13 directed her attention chiefly to history and natural science. She was married in 1884 to Charles Walter Stetson, an artist of some note, and has a daughter named Katharine Beecher Stetson.

Writing was always easy for her, and some years ago she began to publish verses and short articles of a serious nature in reform papers. Public attention was attracted to her by a poem which appeared in The Nationalist, April, 1890, called "Similar Cases." She soon afterward began to lecture before political, religious and reformatory meetings, in clubs and societies, and to teach classes in sociological and other studies.



CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

Mrs. Stetson believes that all uplifting, whether artistic, literary, scientific, religious or social, depends on a readjustment of present economic relations. One of her aims is to show women the necessity of reform in dress and hygienic habits in order that they may become healthy mothers of healthy children. Her work is distinguished by earnestness, directness of purpose, simplicity of style and sincerity.

Recently she has been the subject of much newspaper comment on account of her separation from her husband and his consequent divorce suit. Without entering into the merits of the case, it may be said that Mrs. Stetson never does anything from an ignoble motive. She believes that life was given to her for a certain purpose, and her eccentricities are those of genius. In physique she is frail and delicate, of medium height, with a beautifully shaped head and earnest dark eyes lighting up her pale face. She is now living in Oakland and is kept very busy with her literary work and the care of a dying mother.

CLARA SPALDING BROWN.

Nasturtiums as House Plants. Nasturtiums will live but bloom sparingly in a sunny room, where the temperature at night falls sometimes to or below the freezing point. It has been found, however, that neutral tinted nasturtiums, a comparatively recent triumph of horticulture, not only need more water than the ordinary nasturtium, but also are much more sensitive to cold. One such plant was destroyed in a temperature that had no visibly injurious effect upon nasturtiums bearing blossoms of brighter hues.

Athletic Young Women. Physical culture seems to be growing more popular than ever among women of the "upper ten," as was evidenced by the recent public exhibition of high kicking and club swinging given in Washington.

WHILE WOMEN VOTE.

TUSCARORA CHIEFS ELECTED BY MATRONS OF THE TRIBE.

Peccant Survival of Ancient Customs or the Reservation Near Niagara—How Chiefs Are Made and Deposed—The Significance of Wampum.

(Special Correspondence.)

LEWISTON, N. Y., March 9.—Few of those who at Niagara falls see Indian men and women offering trinkets and ornaments for sale know that but a few miles distant is an Indian reservation, inhabited by one of the Iroquois tribes and governed by a council of chiefs. It is fitting that the Iroquois should still be at Niagara, for the locality is one which is famous through Iroquois history and legends.

At Niagara, at the chasm of Devil's hole, a destructive onslaught was once made by the Iroquois upon British troops



A RESERVATION INDIAN.

In the course of the Pontiac war, and men and horses were forced over the edge of the terrible gorge into the depths below. Under the falls it was that the Iroquois imagination located the home of the mighty Spirit of Thunder. In the caverns beneath the roaring waters he dwelt, and when he issued forth the Indians trembled to hear him shouting in the sky.

From Lewiston, below the falls on the Niagara river, a drive of three miles leads to the reservation, a tract inhabited by about 450 Indians of the Tuscarora tribe. The cultivation of the land is careful and systematic. There are fine looking farms and well built houses, and prosperity and comfort abound.

When a youth reaches the age of 21 or when he marries (and there is no law fixing a legal marriageable age), he has attained his majority. He then applies to the council and is given from two to six acres of land, not cleared, but generally where Indians have been chopping to obtain wood for fences or other purposes, all the woodland being held strictly in common until assigned to individual use. He clears and cultivates his few acres and may afterward apply for more, the council then exercising its discretion as to whether or not to allow it. No great quantity, however, is thus given. The successful farmer obtains as much as he can in grants and then gradually secures more by purchase from others. Some families cultivate as many as 75 acres.

No land can be actually given or sold on the reservation, but the right to occupy is considered sufficient, and all improvements belong to the individual making them, this tenure giving a feeling of security and offering some incentive to endeavor. While, however, land adjoining the reservation is worth from \$50 to \$75 per acre, the industrious Indian can obtain for the permanent use of his but from \$5 to \$15 an acre.

Education has made rapid strides among the Tuscaroras. The government is vested in a council of 16 chiefs, holding for life or during good behavior. A most peculiar thing is that, according to an ancient custom, it is by the matrons of the tribe that the chiefs are elected whenever vacancies occur. Before the chief can take his seat, however, the election must be ratified by the council.

The deposing of a chief, too, is a strange reminder of ancient days and carries the fancy back to the time when wigwags dotted the forest and deer and bison ranged wild. The council assembles. A warrior steps slowly forward, and presenting a string of black wampum to the presiding chief states in solemn tones that the accused chief is thereby "cut down." Then, if there is no opposing voice, the chief is considered deposed, but if, as is more often the case, there is a defender he steps out, and with a string of white wampum declares that the chief is "not cut down." Then the accuser must reiterate his charge, and thereupon a formal trial proceeds.

However picturesque such government and such forms once were they are strangely out of place at present. There is, too, something incongruous in meeting a chief dressed in trousers, coat and vest like a white man, well educated, a reader of books and newspapers, and living in a 2-story house, with stoves and pictures, chairs and tables, and seeing him open a bureau drawer, take out a box containing wampum strings, and hearing him explain the significance of the old time ceremony.

Wampum is still used in the ordaining of chiefs, and when a chief dies wampum strings are laid upon his coffin, and just before the moment of burial formally lifted off, thus indicating that the chief has actually died and is buried. Then a "runner" takes the symbolic strings and (on a railroad train) "runs" to the Onondaga, the recognized head tribe of the Iroquois league, with the dismal tidings.

The observance of law and order on the reservation is actually better than among most communities of white people. Their diseases, as both their friends and enemies agree, are mainly acquired through association with depraved whites. Pagan ideas are quite generally eradicated, although there is still prevalent a belief in witchcraft. Numbers think that witches actually exist and may appear as owls or bears or flashing lights. One shriveled old Indian woman

with whom I became acquainted fumbled over her collection of simples and dried herbs until she found some "pepper root"—the best of all her treasures—some of which the good old soul gave me, with the earnest declaration that if I should chew a little from time to time the witches could never come near me.

Being so near business and civilization the Indians of course make many things for sale to the whites, but while those who purchase bead work and similar articles know exactly what they are getting those who look for ancient and typical relics need to be on their guard. Wooden warclubs, for example, are easily manufactured, while the much prized stone pipes are not beyond the skill of the Indian of the present day. One, when I was there, was busy carving a pipe of specially elaborate design, and he naively said that as buyers liked pipes to look "old and as if they had certainly been used" he was going to smoke it for a time himself before putting it on the market.

The Tuscaroras are proud of the fact that what they possess is in no way the gift of the United States government. When long ago they were driven from the south and forced to take shelter at the "long house" of their Iroquois brethren, a square mile of land was generously given them by the Senecas. Later, about the beginning of this century, two square miles were given them by Robert Morris. Since then they have purchased more, until now they own 6,240 acres. They receive no annuities from the government, no gifts—in fact, absolutely nothing.

A BRILLIANT WOMAN.

ROBERT SHACKLETON, JR.

(Special Correspondence.)

BOSTON, March 9.—One of the brightest of Boston's galaxy of literary women is Miss Lillian Whiting, who for the past two years has edited The Budget of this city, winning a great deal of well merited praise and admiration. By the soundness, maturity and wisdom of her writings Miss Whiting has attained a position in journalism that is unique, and a few words about her may be interesting and instructive to the general reader.

Though she was born at Niagara Falls, Miss Whiting traces her ancestry back to the Rev. William Whiting, an eminent New England divine of the seventeenth century, and on her mother's side to a brilliant old French family. Her parents moved to Illinois when she was an infant and became the principals of a graded school there. Later her father was an editor, afterward a member of the legislature, and for 18 consecutive years state senator. Both father and mother were literary in their tastes. Miss Whiting was educated for the most part by private tuition.

In 1879, when a mere girl, she formed a connection with Mr. Murat Halstead's paper, the Cincinnati Commercial (now The Commercial Gazette), and remained there a year. In 1880 she came to Boston, where she was engaged by The Evening Traveller to fill the responsible position of art critic. Four years later she was appointed literary editor, which position she filled with decided ability until the year 1890, when the paper changed hands, and Miss Whiting resigned.



MISS LILLIAN WHITING.

In the brief space of three days she accepted the chair of editor in chief of the Boston Budget, which position she still occupies. On this paper she does a wide variety of work, all of the strictly editorial matter, the literary reviews and the distinctive and delightful column called "Le Beau Monde." In this she discusses with clairvoyant cleverness and marked acumen all the topics that engage the earnest thought of advanced, broad minded men and women, and it is a hive of garnered sweets, nourishing and palatable.

Besides all this, Miss Whiting contributes weekly letters to the New Orleans Times-Democrat, St. Louis Globe-Democrat and Chicago Inter Ocean, each one separate and distinct. She writes also essays and poems for magazines and has made some lovely songs that have been set to music. She is actuated always by noble aspirations and works toward high standards. She believes in "journalism as a ministry, as a means by which the journalist may contribute his part to the general progress, and that this aim is the supreme one, its material rewards being incidental to its higher possibilities."

It would seem that a worker so industrious as Miss Whiting and so prolific a creator would be entirely absorbed in this pursuit, but she is a close student as well and finds time for social duties and recreations. She entertains many noted people in her luxurious apartments at the Brunswick, in Boston, and is as eagerly sought by the givers of fashionable receptions as she is welcome in the most exclusive circles of art, music and letters.

As to Miss Whiting's personality, an admiring woman friend has written: "She is an unusually aesthetic woman. She has a purely spiritual countenance, and at times it is like a perfect poem—not a care, not a disappointment, not a shadow of unfaith, ever finding expression in her calm, childlike face. Her exquisite costumes show remarkably good taste and the care and selection of an artist."

MEL R. COLQUITT.

WOMAN'S WORLD IN PARAGRAPHS.

Women Are Marching on Toward Liberty and Citizenship.

There was no convulsion of nature. Neither did the sun stand still, nor was there silence in heaven for even half a minute, when Mrs. Laura J. Eisenhuth, the newly elected state superintendent of the public schools in North Dakota, assumed the duties of her office. All goes well, and Superintendent Eisenhuth is administering her office with signal ability. Meantime 21 of the 44 states permit women to vote for school officers. In Kansas they have municipal suffrage. In Wyoming they have what they will soon have in every northern state—full suffrage. Wyoming will be honored above all the rest in the history of the emancipation of woman. In Kansas half the counties have women school superintendents. From county superintendent is only a step to state superintendent, and that step has already been taken by Laura Eisenhuth. In 1894 in Kansas a constitutional amendment will be voted on to strike out the word "male" from the qualifications for citizenship. Perhaps Kansas will be the first state to range herself alongside of Wyoming. As many as 20 women speakers took part in the last presidential campaign. New York will hold a constitutional convention in 1894, and according to the law, some of the delegates to it must be women. The question of giving suffrage to women will come up before the convention drafting the new constitution. The members may as well adopt that provision. Unless they do part of their work will have to be done over again before five years. The word "male" must follow the word "white" into the exploded superstitions of the past. Liberty is a good for woman as it was for the white and black male. It has been predicted that women from Kansas and Wyoming will sit as members of the Fifty-fifth congress. If not then, they will soon after. And women United States senators will never have to go to a sanitarium or to medicinal springs to get over alcohol poisoning.

The secretary and treasurer of the New Castle (Del.) gas and water companies is a young lady, Miss Lucille U. Martindale. It is agreeable to record that she gets the same salary as was paid to the gentleman who held the office before her.

Whatever your work is, no matter how humble, do it the best that it can be done, in hope and in faith. Do not fret or grow impatient because it is humble, or in your judgment not worthy of your abilities. Know this for certain—if you have ability for great work and high work, that work will come to you in due time. But first all must serve and do little work in a great and high way.

Another ever broadening field for women's work is that of teaching physical culture. Universal attention is being paid to it, and that girls' school which has no gymnasium and no teacher of physical culture is away behind the times. The devotion to physical culture among women is shown in the constantly increasing number of tall, fine, strong girls and women one meets on the street and elsewhere. It certainly appears to me that the girl of today is taller and larger than the girl of 20 years ago was.

Virginia, the mother of presidents, has not a woman suffrage society.

A mother would die for her child and do far more for it than a father would in a majority of cases, yet in only six states has the mother equal rights with the father in the guardianship of her children. This is one of the cruelest provisions of our civilized law.

It is quite out of fashion for women to hate women now.

The woman who says mean things about women is a person to beware of.

The Association of Working Girls' Societies deserves all praise for much that it has done, but for nothing more than for organizing the Choral union. The object of this union is to give a thorough course in reading music to all working girls who desire it. The union has already given some concerts. Few of the young ladies had any knowledge of music at the start, yet many of them are learning rapidly to sing music from the notes at sight. It is a noble undertaking. America lags behind in popular musical culture, and these fine working girls are doing more than anybody else to bring it up.

Dr. Caroline S. Pease is a member of the examining board of the New York state civil service commission. She is the first woman in New York to hold such an office.

There is no country in civilization where a wife is allowed her share of the family income. She is dependent on the charity of her husband for every cent. Every mother and housekeeper ought to have regular wages for taking care of the household and the children, and this ought to be established by law. Her wages should come out of the money earned by the husband. Her work is fully as important as his, and she gets nothing for it. I have known men with an income of \$10,000 a year who never gave their wives any money.

Through the temperance organizations and the societies of the King's Daughters women and girls are learning parliamentary usage all over the country, and becoming good extempore speakers and presiding officers as well.

The more intelligent a man or woman is the more liberal will he or she be on the woman question. This is a sure way to tell how much anybody knows.

People now living, well on in years at that, will see women governors, senators, representatives, mayors, councilmen, judges and jurymen.

"Captain Lettarblair," by Marguerite Merington, has proved one of the most successful plays ever written in America. It has an exquisite sparkle and finish that render it most attractive.

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Julius Craig, Cleveland, Ohio.

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The Pain Was Terrible The trouble was principally upon his legs, and we were afraid they would have to be amputated. My grandmother urged us to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, but we thought it was of no use, as we had spent hundreds of dollars which had proven useless; but father said, 'We will try a bottle.' Soon after Julius began taking Hood's

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